God for his mercy! what Trechery is heere?
Du. Why, what is it my Lord?
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say, sadle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my Life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.
Du. What is the matter?
Yorke. Peace foolish woman.
Duc. I will not peace; what is the matter *Aumerle*?
Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answere.
Duch Thy life answere?
Yorke. Bring me my bootes; I will vnto the King.
His man enters with his bootes.
Du. Strike him *Aumerle*, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence villaine neuer more come in my sight.
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say.
Du. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt not thou hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more sonnes? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age,
And robbe me of a happie mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?
Yorke. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?
A doozen of them heere, haue tane the sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.
Du. He shall be none, weele keepe him heere,
Then what is that to him?
Yor. Away fond woman, were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.
Du. Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldst be more pitifull:
But now I know thy mind, thou dost suspect
That I haue beene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:

Sweete

Sweete Yorke, sweete husband
He is as like thee as a man may
Not like me or any of my kinne
And yet I loue him.
Yorke. Make way vnruly wo
Du. After Aumerle: mount
Spur, post, and get before him
And beg thy pardon ere he do
Ile not be long behind, though
I doubt not but to ride as fast as
And neuer will I rise vp from th
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardo
Enter the King with h
King H. Can no man tell me
Tis full three months since I did
If any plague hang ouer vs, tis
I would to god my Lords, he m
Inquire at London, mongst the
For there they say, he dayly do
With vnrestrained loose comp
Euen such (they say) as stand i
And beate our watch, and robbe
Which he yong wanton and eff
Takes on the point of honor to
H. Per. My Lord, some two
And told him of those triumph
King. And what said the G
Percie. His answere was, he
And from the commonest crea
And weare it as a fauour, and wi
He would vnhorse the lustiest
King H. As dissolute as desp
I see some sparkles of better ho
May hapily bring forth. But w
Enter Aumerle
Aum. Where is the King?
King H. What meanes our co

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH